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A  
PINDARIQVE  
ELEGY

On the most Famous and Learned

PHYSITIAN

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1.

Poor mortal dust ! how we admire  
The sparkling, vital fire,  
That like a silent Taper under ground,  
Goes out as soon as found ;  
No sooner has the Teeming womb ,  
Prepar'd her burthen for another room,  
But now the Infant's born, and cries,  
Complains a little while, and dies.  
The wearid Patriarchs at last,  
After so many hundred years were past,  
Lay'd down their aged heads,  
Tyr'd with their numerous dates, in their original beds.

2.

Swadled with cares, we come  
From the dark prison of the womb,  
Where we half smother'd lay  
Till rescu'd by a beam of day ;  
And here the world presents  
Infectious Elements,  
To converse with the stranger, till  
They bring him to his fatal ill.  
With much ado, much pains, and strife,  
We run the Gauntlet in this wretched life,  
On each side stands the merci'lesse throng,  
To scourge us as we run along,  
And after we have almost spent our breath,  
Are rackt at last, by some slow lingering pain to death.

3.

And now great death has got the start  
Of thee, and thy so powerfull art ;  
Yet thou like the great Champion of the age,  
Once quell'st the Tyrants rage,  
And whil'st he triumph't did'st controul,  
Redeem'st the trembling, captive soul ;

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Nature

## ( 2 )

Nature, and torment, both obey,  
 And to the saving medicine give way ;  
 Thou'dst dispossess, and Cure  
 The shivering Ague, and the burning Calenture,  
 Consumptions, Feavers, Gripings, Stone  
 That makes the tortur'd Patient grone ;  
 With all the num'rous host  
 Of torments, that the body still accost ;  
 Thou'dst stretch lifes little span,  
 Cast out the mighty Legion, and restore the man.

## 4.

Could either Art, or Nature save  
 Thee, from the gulph, the grave,  
 Or change the constant course of fate,  
 Make it revoke th' unalterable dates,  
 Could all the treasures of Philosophy,  
 Defeat the mighty Destiny,  
 Or with its pleasant, golden fruit,  
 Stop Fates swift chariot in the fierce pursuit ;  
 Could ought that's mortal e're revoke,  
 This Fatal, Universal stroke ;  
 Obstruct Heaven to dispence,  
 Or dart again from hence,  
 To the infectious Stars their poy'nous influence.

## 5.

The thy art thou wouldst renew,  
 And still extend the fatal Clue ;  
 We then had seen engrost in thee  
 Learnings Monopoly.  
 The Microcosm thou sail'd round,  
 Discover'd things before unfound,  
 And thy great wisdom understood  
 The circling Ocean of the bloud,  
 And by its working looks, (and more  
 Then has bin known before,)  
 Tels't when the tempest's neare,  
 And nature's out of order there ;  
 The vital Bellows couldst repair,  
 When injur'd by infectious air.  
 Thou keep'st the soul within, when like a wind  
 (which struggles when confin'd,)  
 It strives to scape, and leave the desolate Corps behind.

## 6.

Thou knew'st the wondrous art,  
 And order of each part  
 In the whole lump, how every sense  
 Contributes to the healths defence ;  
 The severall channels, which convey  
 The vital current every way ;  
 Track'st wise nature every where,  
 In every region, every sphere,  
 Fathom'st the mistery,  
 Of deep Anatomy ;

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## (3)

Th' unactive carcasſe thou haſt prey'd upon,  
 And ſtrip'd it to a Skeleton,  
 But now ( alas ! ) the art is gone,  
 And now on thee,  
 The crawling worms experience their Anatomy.]

## 7.

What though the rever'end head,  
 Is laid among the vulgar dead,  
 And the clear ſparkling light,  
 Ore-caſt with death and night,  
 Thou ly'ſt to Kings in equal ſtate,  
 In the ſad common bed of fate :  
 As ſoaring Comets ne're decline,  
 But in ſublimer regions ſhine,  
 After a while the frail, and fainty blaze,  
 At which the lower, wondering world did gaze,  
 As well as the low, groſſer flame,  
 That from the baſer Dunghill came,  
 Do's faint, and dy,  
 For want of fuel the devouring flame to ply.

## 8.

When thy young, unfledg'd fame did firſt peep out,  
 It hovered round its native neſt about,  
 Till by a frequent uſe at laſt,  
 It o're the neighb'ring Regions paſt ;  
 At length it round the Globe did fly,  
 With whom like the *dear Twins* 'twill live and dy;  
 We thought thy age ſhould nere find date,  
 But plac'd above the reach of Fate.  
 The Silence, and diſorders of the grave,  
 The braveſt Monarch can enſlave,  
 And Crowns, and Scepters can out brave,  
 And though the ſacred Corps is cruſht,  
 And the loud Organ huſht,  
 Yet the ſprightly virtue ſoares on high,  
 And liſts its loſty Shoulders to Eternity.

## 9.

Was nothing ſeen beneath the Bow ?  
 No Pageantry of Nature now ?  
 Don't ſhe provide, or bring,  
 A funeral offering ?  
 Yes ! look but on the neighb'ring ſhore,  
 Where his brisk fame had flown before,  
 Where ſhe hath laid her brackiſh ſtore;  
 As if a common ſtock could not ſuffice,  
 Let through the fluces of their eyes,  
 But they muſt float on briniſh waves,  
 And weep ore their own watry graves.  
 Nothing in Nature too, but doth comply,  
 And bear a part in this ſad, Universal Harmony.

## 10.

Look how the long-liv'd plant, which now  
 To fatal Autumn ſcorn'd to bow,

Hangs

## (4)

Hangs down its drooping, dying Head,  
 Upon its desolate Bed;  
 The copious Garden too, is little less,  
 Then a disorder'd Wilderness;  
 No Vegetable will subsist,  
 But takes its Autumn with the Herbalist;  
 And seems too Sensitive,  
 When no man knowes its Vertue, hates to live.  
 Hark, how each Dead, Obdurate thing,  
 Whispers a sigh, and makes a doleful Din,  
 As if it felt the mortal sting.  
 See how each Colledge mourns, the Stones  
 Ev'n Sympathize with us, sweat teares, & Eccho grones.

## 11.

But since thou'rt gone, Great Soul, and left us here  
 Wandring in this dusky Sphere,  
 That without conduct, without guide  
 Are carri'd with the swift tide  
 Of the mad age beside;  
 At every little gulf we feare,  
 To be transported there,  
 To the so fatal, rocky shore,  
 Whence we return no more,  
 After this slumber thou wilt rise,  
 With active limbs, and open eyes,  
 As young, and airy, as before.  
 The mouldred Atoms, that do ly  
 Hudled up in obscurity,  
 Shall put on Immortality:  
 And all rude ashes coucht within this Ball,  
 Shall forthwith muster at th' Almighty's thundring Call.

## 12.

Mean while thou liv'st, and lodgest here,  
 Although thou'rt quarter'd there,  
 Thou breath'st, and speak'st ev'n every where,  
 Art young, and brisk, and flourish'st all the year;  
 Thy Famous Volumes are the breath,  
 By which thou dost survive thy death;  
 Each Sacred, Living Page,  
 Turns over with the age;  
 This's the Asylum, this the place,  
 For him whom great Diseases chase,  
 Thine is the truly Fortunate book,  
 In which who ere shall look,  
 Shall find all true it does divine,  
 And read long life in every line.  
 It lies beyond the rage,  
 Of the ungrateful age,  
 Beyond the short-liv'd, dull Mortality,  
 Within the sacred Archives of Eternity.

FINIS.

